



# WORONI

JOURNAL OF THE CANBERRA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL  
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## THE LORDS ASSEMBLE

A fully attended inaugural meeting of the new S.R.C. was held on 16th April. Dr. Murray Todd was present as representative for the College Council.

Mr. R. Fernandez, the incoming Treasurer, reported that the books of account were in a chaotic condition and that as a result, it was impossible to ascertain the exact financial position. It was resolved that the books be returned to the outgoing treasurer with the request that they be placed in order and audited as provided by the Constitution.

The question of re-affiliation with N.A.A.U.S. was raised and although there was considerable support for the proposal it was decided to wait until the actual financial standing of S.R.C. was quite clear. This matter will therefore be placed on the agenda for the next Council meeting. A decision on whether or not to participate in the Inter-Varsity debates was similarly deferred pending inquiries as to likely support.

Quite an important decision was made concerning "Woroni." Although costs of publishing have increased considerably the S.R.C. was unanimous in the opinion that the paper should be continued.

However, to assist in meeting the greatly increased costs it was resolved to make a charge of three-pence per issue, for what will almost certainly be a high standard University paper.

Messrs. Nick Parkinson and Graham Feakes were appointed coeditors with Mr. Scott Campbell as their chief-of-staff.

During the year S.R.C. plans to run a number of social functions. A sub-committee has already been appointed to organise a dance for the end of this term. Everything is being done to make it a really first-class evening.

The College Revue for 1951 was enthusiastically launched on its iconoclastic career. A Director is being appointed, and the call for scripts and all the other unmentionable adjuncts of a university revue has already gone forth.

The final question discussed was the possibility of a financial adjustment between the Sports Council and the S.R.C. Negotiations are still in progress, and it is hoped that a revision in budgeting may lead to mutual economies which could ease some very pressing financial stresses.



Recent portrait of President Handmer

The next meeting of the S.R.C. will be held at 8 p.m. on Thursday, May 10th. Your representatives are determined to continue to build a successful year's activities on the excellent foundations already laid, and invite the co-operation of the student body to this end.

W. J. HANDMER,  
President.



### SKIING

The recent fall of snow on the mountains, which the more lynx-eyed among you may have seen, has sent students rushing to the ski shops of the various capital cities in search of suitable but also, very expensive equipment.

Three students drove up to Mt. Franklin and inspected the ski runs and report that there are four good runs on Mt. Franklin, short by Continental standards, but adequate for beginners. The new ski-jump on Ginini should give the experts a chance to show their mettle, particularly as one is expected to leap over a road before landing. See you on the snow!

MUSH.

## STUDENTS ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Hundreds of eager students foregathered on 10th April, 1951, at the College and amidst scenes of unparalleled enthusiasm elected the following office-bearers for the year:—

- President ..... W. Handmer
- Vice President ..... P. Peters
- Hon. Secretary ..... P. Hill
- Hon. Treasurer ..... R. Fernandez
- Committee: Misses B. Moir, E. Courtney, Messrs. J. Lovell, G. Mannall and T. Ellis.



## W O R O N I

## CO-EDITORS:

GRAHAM FEAKES  
NICK PARKINSONStaff: Scott Campbell, Barbara Moir,  
Tim Ellis.

## EDITORIAL

We suppose it customary for new editors to greet readers with protestations of policy, with some new cause ripe for the losing, with abuse of student apathy. Despite severe temptation to do this, we shall digress. Was it Lamb who said that essays were but digressions—or was it Uncle Toby? It has been claimed that Feakes is lazier than Parkinson, this claim is strongly denied by the latter; they agree, however, that they are both so lazy that unless someone else writes articles for this paper, you won't get a "Woroni." Our distinguished predecessors inform us, in strict confidence—a condition which, however, does not prevent our bruising their remarks abroad in much the same way as the contents of letters marked PERSONAL pass in Canberra from mouth to mouth—that they had to write nearly all of last year's articles; at least those that were good, popular and intellectual and that some famous names were made in the process. The guarantee that your contribution will appear in "Woroni" lies in our laziness and in that of everyone else. There! We've managed to be rude about students, which was one of the things we thought proper. Oh, yes! A policy—the aim had been to fill the paper with sex but unfortunately there was none to be found for this issue, but watch for the coming clash of symbols. Have me a lost cause to fight for? Our answer is an unqualified and resounding NO!

## STOP PRESS NEWS

Gungahlinite Ivor Bowden, having played only three matches in the A.C.T., has been selected for the Canberra Rugby Union team to play St. George this Saturday. We hope the authorities are taking the appropriate action to prevent English Rugby League poachers seizing this rising star.

We understand that a magnificent debate took place Monday last in which an absent Gungahlin team defeated a strong Political Science team on their home-ground.

S.R.C. President announces that a dance will be held early next term instead of this term as is advertised elsewhere in "Woroni."

## Preventing Colds

Sir.—My husband gets me to cut his hair each week; an "all-over cut" with a pair of clippers.

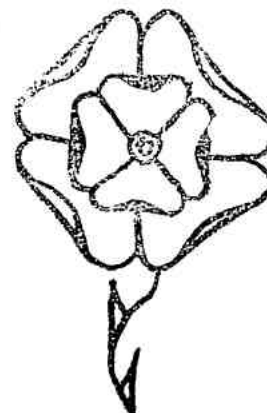
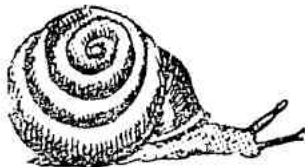
He never wears a hat and has not had a cold for thirty years. However, this style of haircut can only be recommended as suitable for very masculine men of good physique.

Turrumurra.

FRESH AIR.

("S.M.H." 2/5/51).

It is noticeable that the late secretary is the victim of a similar type of haircut. What would Delilah have said? We assume that this lady is numbered among his paramours.



## ATTAR AND THORNS

Sitting in cross-legged contemplation and meditating, as is my wont, in the dawnlight and a fur-lined loin-cloth—for the mornings are chillier now—I was struck by the important part wood plays in the lives of all at Gungahlin. A few are on the wood, and the rest are under it, carrying it either as logs from neighbouring paddocks or in smaller chips on the shoulder.

*HMV EA3949 seems to be the most discussed record there at the moment.*

Someone may find himself driven from a mortal lap into that of the Gods.

\* \* \*

*It looks as if Borzell may have to play Lear himself if Canberra is to see it.*

They tell me Tony Powell has gone to Queensland to teach them how to raise Cain.

They also say that Dobell is coming to make up another study of the Sleeping Greek. It will be hard for him to find a new angle as he hasn't turned over yet.

\* \* \*

*One of the finest examples of humility since Peter Henderson spilt cigar ash on his second best sackcloth, was the acceptance of a position on the S.R.C. Committee by a future hoop-hat and harp man on the condition that a vote of No Confidence be passed on him within the month.*



## ALEC HOPE ON POETRY AND PERCEPTION

A commonly held view of the nature of human experience is that it can be divided into that knowledge which comes to us in the form of direct or unmediated perception — things we hear, see, smell taste and feel and events in the conscious life of each individual of which he himself directly aware—and, on the other hand, that knowledge which comes to us mediately by inference or report—events distant in time or space, events beyond the scope of sensory perception and the minds and feelings of people other than ourselves. In general there seems to be no reason to quarrel with this view.

But if we look more closely at the notion of direct perception, it may be argued that while such perceptions are *direct*, they are not 'immediate', that is unmediated. In vision the eye, rays of light and other media intervene between the object perceived and the perceiver. The eye is an instrument by means of which we see, analogous to the hand as an instrument used to drive a nail. Similarly the rays of light are 'used' by the perceiver to see the object, much as a hammer is used to drive a nail. If this analogy is accepted, we may take it a step further: when we see a coin laying on the table we see it as circular, but the image presented to the eye is actually an ellipse. We may say that the eye uses the ellipse as a means or 'instrument' for seeing the circle. Seeing the circle is usually taken to be not an example of direct perception but of inference, however. This is no doubt the case when we first have this sort of experience but in time we learn to 'short-circuit' the inference, we are able to see the coin as circular directly. We have, I should argue, extended our direct perception. There arises then a concept not of mutually exclusive and fixed fields of knowledge but of direct perception continually expanding its range and field. The television set, and the telephone are mechanical means of extension of our powers of direct perception.

There is a valid analogy to be drawn between our powers to extend the range of direct perception of objects external to us and our power to extend the range of perception of the minds and the feelings of other people; and the principal means to this, I should argue, lies in those uses of languages for other purposes than ref-

erence or as a system of signs. Jespersen, in his *Language, its Nature, Development and Origin*, puts forward the theory that the original function of language was not communication of ideas but of emotions. The language of primitive peoples is more 'poetic,' less 'noetic' than that of advanced civilisation. Its function is creative, and what it 'creates'. I would suggest is an emotion or state of feeling. Literature, and poetry in special, have this specific power to make more or less directly available to us the emotions of other people. Once a language embodies this power it can be used not only to communicate emotions directly but to create states of mind, feelings, attitudes and desires. Shakespeare can not only make us directly perceive his proper emotions, he can in a sonnet build up a verbal structure which embodies an emotion richer, more delicate, more complex than any which occur, so to speak, in nature. Music is another means of doing the same sort of thing and in this respect we can properly speak of music as a 'language.' It is this special field of art emotions with which criticism in the arts is concerned.

This is only possible when a common life and civilisation allows a people to build up and maintain the complex and delicate conventions which each generation learns to manipulate and extend. In a word, literature depends on the building up and maintenance of a *tradition*, as T. S. Eliot affirms. When the tradition begins to break up, literature is impoverished and there is a decline of sensibility. Such a decline in sensibility has been going on since the seventeenth century and one might argue that it is directly con-

nected with the growth of science, the scientific attitude of mind, and the sort education based less and less on literary tradition, more and more on the accurate manipulation of language as systems of factual reference.

A. D. Hope.

(Summary of a talk to the Australian Association of Psychology and Philosophy.)

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### CLASSICAL RECORDS

See

#### VERITY HEWITT

Manuka

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#### DANCE!

#### DANCE!

At the end of term a Dance is to be held at which all Students and Friends are Welcome.

#### Roll Up!

#### Roll Up!

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The Federal Capital Press, Canberra.



## GOODBYE WILSONISM: AMERICA DRIES HER EYES

### THE NEW DOCTRINE OF REALPOLITIK

A review of "Great Mistakes of the War," by Hanson Baldwin.

The significance of this book lies not so much in the expose that it presents, but in the way it exemplifies a revolution that has occurred in the dominant trends of American political thinking. In this case it is a "looking back" in terms of this revolution. The increasing fascination which the doctrine of Realpolitik has come to hold in the American political vocabulary and the extent to which discussion of international politics, by all segments of opinion, is couched in terms of a naked struggle for power, is something new.

Large-mouthed platitudes about the glories of democratic living still have a prominent place in public utterance, but discussion of policy is made more and more in terms of Realpolitik. Partly no doubt, this is a derivative from Communist pressure and the Marxist view of politics. The view that history is dominated by inevitable irreconcilable class conflicts, and that hence all politics is struggle, and, at crucial points where the class balance alters, a naked struggle, when taken in conjunction with events since the war, has tended to strengthen this trend in the United States.

Even more fundamental, I would argue is a reaction to the disillusioned Utopianism of the War. After World War I this reaction turned in the direction of isolationism, after World War II the U.S. could not contract out of international politics: it has turned to Realpolitik.

A characteristic of this process, and also influencing this trend, has been the permeation of important diplomatic positions by professional soldiers.

It is in this light that we must examine Baldwin's argument. His central thesis is that the assumptions underlying American strategy during the recent World War were wrong. He argues that they were concerned merely with

winning the war, and not with the position of the U.S. vis-a-vis the other victors, especially Russia. He argues that the U.S. never regarded war just as a continuation of political policy, along the lines laid down by Clausewitz. This argument is only valid if we take this Realpolitik view of politics. Although Roosevelt may have been wrong to assume that he could get along with Russia, surely it is wrong to argue that he was merely concerned with military considerations in dictating his overall strategy. Surely too, it can be argued that he and Joint Chiefs were on stronger grounds than this when they rejected Churchill's plan for a "right hook" in the "soft under-belly" for a surge along the Danube-Warsaw axis. Besides the military arguments, namely difficulties of supply and the difficulties of fighting across mountainous terrain, there were the great distances from the heart of the German industrial economy on which German war effort was based, and the possibility of hostile populations inspired by Russian opposition right from the start of the operation. No matter how we may deplore Russian influence in the Balkans, and her view that she has special interests in this area, they existed and may have made any kind of co-operation with Russia impossible at a stage in the war when Germany was by no means beaten. Also, it must be remembered how much more unstable the international situation would have been had we had several Greek incidents at the end of the war.

It may be that Baldwin is on stronger ground when he argues that the failure to occupy Prague and Berlin were political blunders, but the failure to occupy Berlin cannot be considered to have any crucial significance. The Berlin blockade was just an incident in a much wider pattern of strategy. It has been argued that the Red Army by liberating Prague did receive tremendous popular pres-

tige and that this helped to strengthen the Communist position in Czechoslovakia. However, in the long run Czechoslovakia was bound economically and politically with the East, and it is hard to visualise any alternative path with the heightening tension between the East and West.

Baldwin is highly critical of the "Unconditional Surrender" formula, he argues that this was unnecessary and that if anything it prolonged the war by uniting Germany behind Hitler, and led to the final destruction of the whole system of German government, the result being that the Allies moved into a vacuum created by the almost complete breakdown of German social institutions. He uses to support his argument statements by German military leaders. I would argue that the unconditional surrender formula was in a sense inevitable, and that the argument that it lengthened the war is open to some doubt. In the first place there was no question of negotiations with the Nazis as public opinion, so assiduously cultivated over a period of years, would never have stood for it. Secondly, Hitler intended to fight to the end anyhow. Thirdly, it could hardly have influenced the many plotters as they would realise that the armistice terms would be similar to unconditional surrender as far as they were concerned, and there was only a negligible underground movement in Germany. There might be a strong case for arguing that the Army is up to its old game of attempting to white-wash the defeat and putting all the blame on Hitler.

I have not dealt with his chapters on Asia, and here, although the issues raised are not quite as wide as those raised in Europe, I

(Continued on page 6)

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# CRICHTON TOSSES HEADS

Some comments on another "Great Australian Novel" by Jill Crichton.

## Dymphna Cusack's "Come in Spinner"

I was led to read this latest Australian novel after hearing an almost lyrical review cum interview of the authors by Michael Sadleir on the B.B.C. recently. It seemed that this £1000 prize-winning novel on the American occupation of Sydney during World War II might be a fine piece of work. The authors had apparently had first hand experience of the social ills of the period, and from Dymphna Cusack's earlier collaboration with Miles Franklin in "Pioneers on Parade," a witty satire on the Australian Centenary celebrations. I hoped that something interesting and worthwhile had been written.

Unfortunately, readers of the book "Come in Spinner" are doomed to disappointment. It is a slight piece of work. This is partly due to the peculiar social philosophy of the collaborators. (One must take it that they both subscribe to the woolly, sentimental left-wingerism apparent throughout the book.) This philosophy, by necessity, leads them to arrange their characters according to "Types," most of them fall of "good" and "bad." Particularly striking is the class distinction which is so crudely drawn between the "D'Arcy-Twyning set" and the personnel of the hotel beauty salon.

It is, in the year 1951, no new idea that class distinction is not a distinction of worth and quality, but one of money, and intelligent readers can hardly be expected to rejoice with the authors when the girl from the beauty salon is the belle of the social ball of the year, thus completely outshining her rival the socialite, when this is presented not as a satirical comment on social aspiration and distinctions as such, but as an example of how the poor and good may rise.

Thus while the book plainly sets out to be, not only a description of some aspects of the Ameri-

can occupation, but a criticism of social values, it fails lamentably as such mainly because those values which it puts up as alternatives are in themselves so empty.

What the book completely fails to convey is the incredible vulgarity and materialism of those fantastic years. The appalling crudity of wartime enthusiasms, the retarding of culture, the throwing over of ideals, the shifting of values and the almost complete breakdown of a pre-war society are surely things which could be commented on, if not more deeply, at least more cleverly and wittily than has been done here.

This whole criticism rests essentially of what one expects a "good novel" to be. With this book one feels as with Gavin Casey's "The Wits Are Out," that the whole thing could have been dealt with much better in short story form. There just is not anything important enough to give a *raison d'être* to a novel. The vacillations between morality and materialism of Deborah, the adolescent love situations of Guinea, the "tragedy" of Monnie, none of these is sufficient to give the story weight.

The one character with whom the authors are thoroughly at home is the comparatively minor one of Dr. Dallas McIntyre, Macquarie Street specialist and "integrated woman." She is a fairly obvious example of wish-fulfilment on the part of the author and thus naturally enough ideal in many aspects. She is the mouthpiece for the expression of their views and is the main cubic of the other characters. She herself offers the unreal picture of perfectly feminine feminiser.

The dust-cover "blurb" speaks of a story of a "lusty sprawling sun drenched city." I think we shall have to return to the Elizabethans to see what the word "lusty" really means and to point out that a few descriptions of

"torrid" bedroom scenes between papier mache figures hardly seems to suffice.

Love is the theme of many a great novel but these characters have nothing interesting or intelligent to say about it. When stupidity and foolishness are presented in a completely uncritical and analytical fashion, the reader's patience is likely to be sorely tried.

I have not the space to comment on the literary style of Cusack and James but one example might suffice—"She pressed her palms against her eyes to shut out the picture— Fool, she cried angrily to the girl who stared at her out of the past. Fool! Do you think I don't know the pain of roots torn up . . . The ecstasy of love? Of love that is at once enchantment, a trap and a prison . . . No! I'll wire him now."



## HOCKEY SEASON OPENS WELL

On April 14th University A team defeated Sydney University First in an exciting and hard fought tussle, in which Dunn and Newman distinguished themselves. Final scores were 2-0.

On April 21st a slight set-back occurred, the A-graders being downed by Old Canberrans five goals to one. The defeat did not detract from the outstanding play of Dunn, Starkey and Newman. Bgraders also lost to Old Canberrans; the closeness of the scores, 2-0, reflects the play of Walsh, Forner and Killen. With more practice this team will gain the co-ordination necessary to make sure of winning its matches. In the B grade No. 2 match against R.M.C. the College team did well to hold Duntroon to a 2-2 draw. McBurney, Holgate, Hill and Pickering were outstanding.



# HOW TO MAKE ENEMIES AND IMPRESS PEOPLE

## Lettermanship

I should like, through your columns, to put forward a few suggestions as to the technique of letter writing which may be of assistance in making less unequal the struggles with the truth of future correspondents.

I shall confine my remarks largely to the Defensive Letter, as most people are driven into print by a desire to defend against attack, either real or imaginary, some cherished ideal, or psychotic symbol (on which subject Flinsberg is interesting). These notes may also give food for thought to writers of the aggressive letter as the defensive opening (see Janic), if skilfully used, can disarm in advance all but the most experienced letterman.

A nos moutons then. One of the main aims of defence ploys is to obtain Bolster (to use a letterman term). Always seek to back up your own view with a like opinion from other sources. How like Machiavelli to say, 'Authority comes before Verity.' And, while I should not challenge popular morality to the extent of advocating open acceptance of this dogma, an unobtrusive empirical test is the least that any theory merits. At any rate, we can pronounce as a maxim to be followed by all but adepts: *Always cite an authority—never quote one.* The Bolster obtained by adroit citing will build up in your readers a belief in your erudition and a disinclination to challenge your "facts" which is virtually half the

### CRIT. OF BALDWIN—

(Continued from page 4)

think his argument is on stronger grounds. The question might be raised whether one can talk about an American policy in this region. Over the last few years there has been rather an interplay of pressures in domestic politics without any overall policy or view being established.

*The Sleeping Greek*

battle. But one should not cite indiscriminately — the choice of authority can be most important. In this matter relevance is not the only guide; the nature of one's public must also be considered. For instance, in a discussion in poetry with a Strathfield public, Shakespeare (preferably called the Bard) is without doubt the best authority, but for readers from Canberra, Heidegger and Rilke would be more suitable. But all these suggestions suffer from one fault. The names I mentioned belong to persons who have in fact numerous published works to their credit. This means that a reasonably adept Letterman may counter-plot and force you into a chapter and verse quotation. Should he succeed in this, you have lost the initiative and are most unfavourably placed. Better by far therefore to select a name NOT found in any bibliography or catalogue. This has the double advantage of preventing your opponent from checking up on you and, at the same time, of enabling you to choose a name suited to your public. It has been found, for example, that, particularly in the case of university students, the emotive content of foreign names exceeds that of "Ango-Saxon" names quite considerably. For economists and sociologists, choose, German or East European Slav names; for the humanities names from Latin countries are preferable; and so on. To go a step further and avoid names altogether, phrases like "Harvard's most brilliant alumnus" will be found invaluable. But again, the choice of university will depend on your public, American universities being essential in economic circles except when your gambit has been "the great neo-Keynesian of . . .," when an English university may be substituted. While on this topic may I refer to my mention of Machiavelli and point out how I have avoided committing myself

to saying that he did make that statement.

This brings me to the point of "cite, don't quote," for the Letterman is left much more room for manoeuvre if not pinned to a definite statement. Your antagonist, who, by virtue of his challenging you, must be claiming superior knowledge on the subject, would be loth to admit ignorance and is therefore unlikely to ask for a more detailed reference. Even, however, should he do so you will have at least one more line of defence—viz., "I refer, of course to chapter 6 of his magnum opas," or "A quick glance at the index of his definitive book on the subject will show . . ."

*Percy Gruntle.*

## SOUND . . .



## TELEPHONES

Dear Sir.—The students of other universities have telephones for their use on the premises. Why is the Canberra University College unique in the inconvenience of being without one? Is it because we are mostly part-time students? Is it because we can walk 100 yards to the post office to find a queue or a phone that is out of order?

Not only may it be vitally necessary to ring out, but an urgent message may arrive for a student and the office will not take it.

Most students demand very little from their annual subscription (just increased by 50 per cent.) so let us demand just one thing—a telephone to be installed in the Junior Common Room, similar to that in the Senior Common Room. Let us have *something* for our hard earned cash.—Yours faithfully,

*Barbara Moir.*

Arts III.



# AND FURY

## BLOC VOTES

Sir.—The annual general meeting of the S.R.C. was, I feel, a disgrace to the student movement in the College. The attendance was not even a tenth of the total number of students attending the College, whilst over half of those who did manage to attend were from "Gungahlin." As naturally would be expected from such an attendance, the Gungahlinites formed a bloc, thus managing to vote themselves into the four key positions on the Council. Whilst these members are undoubtedly capable of carrying out the full duties of their respective offices, it seems a pity that this small section of the total number of students should have a controlling influence over matters affecting all students. Incidentally, I may point out that five of the nine members on the Council are associated with the Dept. of External Affairs.

The attitude of the majority of students seems to be that they "haven't time" or "can't be bothered" with the student movement. On the contrary, they are quite willing to derive any benefit they can from the various functions arranged by the Council.

It's up to you bods who sit back and do nothing to stir from your graves and take an active interest in the affairs of your S.R.C. If you don't—well, what's the use of an S.R.C.

G. E. Mannall,

Arts II.

## PATHOS

Sirs.—Last year's *Woroni*, while a great improvement on Students' Notes, showed a lamentable tendency to favour Gungahlin Students rather than act as a College paper. It was with regret that I saw this this year's editors were External Affairs Cadets from the Hall and implore you, sirs, to pay some attention to the unfortunates who study in the evening.—Yours faithfully,

N. P. Fancourt

Arts II.

# FERNANDEZ AT THE FILMS

STATE SECRET is an unpretentious and delightful film in the best Gilliatt and Launder tradition. The cutting and editing is handled with the maximum of economy, the action is fast, the tension is never allowed to get out of control, and it is maintained almost throughout with a good vein of humour. In its treatment of a political subject it never stoops to preachiness or naivety, it just reports and as a result acquires a much wider emotional import. The plot is very convincing, and while everything ends "happily ever after," this is done with a human touch that belies the charge of *Deus ex Machina*.

The locale is Vosnia, an imaginary totalitarian state, in Eastern Europe. However resemblances are not accidental." The story centres around the illness and death of General Nevers, the Prime Minister and Dictator.

A general election is pending, Nevers is the only candidate, and it is expected that the people will give a planned "spontaneous" demonstration of unanimous support for the General. In these circumstances news of his illness and death must be suppressed at all costs for reasons of political stability.

An American doctor (Douglas Fairbanks Jnr.), brought to the country to demonstrate his specialist knowledge for curing by surgery a previously incurable condition, discovers during the demonstration, after his suspicion is aroused by the tenseness of his assistants, that he is operating on Nevers. His medical ethics outraged, he nevertheless carries the operation through to a successful conclusion. He is detained pending the General's recovery. With this in sight, there is a magnificent sequence where Colonel Borcan (Jack Hawkins), the dictator's understudy, admits that he is puzzled because the doctor, Nevers' life in his hands, had not allowed "the knife to slip." The doctor is shocked, after he enquires what might have happened if Nevers had died, to hear, in a thoroughly

academic discussion of alternatives, that for reasons of state, he would have had to be got rid of. "As a man I would have like to accept your word, as a minister, I can't," says the colonel.

In the next sequence the doctor is making last minute preparations to leave, the car is waiting outside, Nevers has a relapse and dies. In the shock of the minute the doctor slips away to the car, the whole machinery of a totalitarian state comes into operation.

Thwarted in his attempt to reach the American embassy, the doctor is hunted in a chase that proceeds with humour yet growing despair. He seeks out a young actress (Glynis Johns) whom he heard singing "Paper Doll" at a theatre in which he had taken refuge; by force of circumstances she has to help him, and a romantic interest enters the film. You'll be disappointed though, they don't clinch. Their one tender scene ends with her saying, "I'm going to be sick."

There is the blackmarketeer (Hubert Lom), who is blackmailed into helping them to the border. The film is worth seeing for the scenes alone in which he appears. There is an attempt to cross the mountains, but the fugitives are captured after they thought they were across.

The ending is most surprising. However, go and see it for yourself.



A good Pipe is more than a Pipe: it is a Friend

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on a Cold Winter's Night than a

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- MEERSHAM

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Kingston.



# NO HOPE FOR WENDY SHAW

## Reflections on Korea

We are watching an ugly and disgusting little war which will probably develop into a huge and disastrous Armageddon. We are not on the right side; possibly we are not even on the winning side: this is a war in which everyone will lose, and no one is right. This is the outcome of our scientific and economic progress in the twentieth century; of the smooth streamlined civilisation of America; of everything that has been held in high esteem. It is the outcome of man's essential nature: vicious stupidity, sentimentality, acquisitiveness and animal courage. . . . But there are things one can learn from it.

One is that people don't hate war. They pretend to, from time to time; they are sentimental, not sincere. They are prepared to generalise, to condemn the vague idea of war; but as each war approaches, they say first "It is inevitable," then "It is necessary," then "It is right." And later, when it is over, "There must be no more of this." Like a debauchee titillating himself with feelings of sin and repentance. No, they don't hate war. It's one branch of the international affairs that seems easy to understand: "They're baddies—we're the goodies—up and at 'em." It gives excitement to bored young men and women; it is a game made thrilling by the element of danger. It allows people to give vent to suppressed emotions; and to be raised to a high level of tragedy or heroism, actual or vicarious. The mother of a dead soldier is a heroic figure; the mother of a condemned criminal merely pitiable. The hasty marriage or brief liaison with the soldier on leave is drama and romance for a girl who would normally consider such things immoral. Oh, yes, it brings back romance to a grey world. At least,

it seems to. Say what they will, men love wars. They—the great mass—have been told often enough that it is in their power to stop wars. But of course, they have never used this power. They don't want to.

There is another thing I have learnt, not a new thing perhaps; that Truth always loses in a struggle between it and propaganda, or sentiment, or nationalism. That a war to stop a distant country from being governed by a policy unfavourable to capitalism becomes a war in which capitalists are the heroic champions of liberty; that by ruining a poor peasant country and slaughtering thousands of people with the most sickening of up-to-date scientific weapons they are making the world safe for a gentle humanitarian democracy. Truth—never very noticeable in peace time—is the greatest casualty of modern war.

One emotion no one seems to feel is fear. Everyone is quite bravely facing the prospect of a war so horrible that they should all be gibbering with terror. Is it lack of imagination, or excessive confidence, or incredible courage that allows them to drift unprotesting towards atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, germ warfare? Can no one understand the realities of pain, of disease, of starvation, ruin, horror which is not a theory, not an idea; it is blood running in the gutters of Kings Cross; it is Martin Place piled with bodies and wreckage; it is Sydney bridge become twisted scrap-iron; it is the screaming of people terrified too late. Surely, surely it is better to be afraid now, afraid enough to insist on peace, than to be brave and arrogant and stupid; and subsequently dead.

But still, there we are, getting ready to be brave and tightlipped and square-shouldered and patriotic, and do what we are told

and believe, is our duty. Getting ready to watch and help in the re-creation of every evil that science and civilisation have contrived to defeat. We are pulling the temple down upon us.

But I will not use this impersonal "we", for I dissociate myself. I detest this war. I agree it was an act of aggression for North Korea to invade South Korea; but I do not doubt that Communist control would have been better than the former corrupt government supported by America; and that there would have been little bloodshed and destruction had America not interferred. I believe that America committed an act of aggression far more culpable. I believe America's belligerence, its power-hunger, its ranting nationalism, its unscrupulous and inhuman economic policy, its sentimentalism and hypocrisy are more dangerous than Russia or communism or both. I believe that it is futile to try to turn back the clock, to crush communism and suppress the people of Asia, to prop up reactionary governments because they are pro-American. This is vain and hopeless and stupid and will bring destruction to a race that richly deserves it. I don't mean just America, I mean mankind, which Nietzsche called a disease on the skin of the earth; which produces for every Spinoza a thousand Macchiavellis, ten thousand fools for every Erasmus; for every lover of peace and life and beauty a million who love war and decay. Whether civilisation has destroyed us or we have destroyed civilisation it is hard to say. But we are rotten and the world is. I do not see any hope for us.

*Wendy Shaw.*

**R. T. WHYTE**

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